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PRINCIPAL DOOR FOR THE NEW HOUSE OF LORDS.

I

[VOL. XLIV.

Original Communications.

MR. NASH'S DESIGN.—GRAND HISTORICAL SCENE.

WE this week submit a correct representation of Mr. Nash's much admired design for the principal door of the new House of Lords. On one side a portrait statue of Henry III., taken from his effigy in Westminster Abbey, appears; and, on the other, the image of the reigning queen. Natural emblems encompass the figures, with an ornamental border of oak leaf, the whole being inclosed by ornaments formed of the rose, the thistle, and the shamrock. Why Henry III. should be associated with her present majesty may require some explanation. "It was under him," says the catalogue, that "the first traces of the present constitution of a parliament appeared;" and, it is added, the sculpture proposed for the head of the arch is the memorable event in Westminster Hall, May 3, 1253. A few remarks on the subject of the scene to which Mr. Nash refers, will not here be out of place.

The struggle commenced in the reign of John with the barons, which led to the signing of the Magna Charta, at Runnymede, did not terminate there. John died in the following year, and his son Henry III., then a boy, became king. There were not wanting those, as he grew up, who made it their care to whisper in the young monarch's ear that his father had been traitorously assailed, and that he himself was disloyally controlled, and the royal power, in fact, usurped by a turbulent faction, who were no friends to the monarchy. He was advised to burst his bonds by the emissaries of the Pope. They contrived to gain his good graces, so that to almost all the valuable benefices, and many offices of trust and emolument, Italians were preferred. For more reasons than one this was well calculated to rekindle all the former patriotism of the barons, while the nation generally, saw with indignation, that few born within its limits were deemed worthy to administer its affairs. Henry wanted money, and to obtain it, gave out that he required a supply to enable him to go to the Holy Land. The barons knew this to be a mere pretext, but did not consider it prudent flatly to oppose such a demand, and they required as their condition that he should bind himself to observe the charters granted by his father, which they complained he

had frequently violated. To the clergy, who joined with the barons in this requisition, he sarcastically hinted that, as he had stretched the royal prerogative a little too far in their favour, they had better set him a good example by resigning their bishoprics, and abbeys, and he would take care to see them filled with pious and learned men. The prelates to whom this was addressed, replied, "the business then was not to undo the past, but to guard against abuse for the time to come;" and they granted him a tenth of their revenue for three years, as did the barons three marks of every knight's fee, held immediately of the crown. To complete this important business, the king convened a great meeting at Westminster Hall, at which all the lords, spiritual and temporal, attended with lighted tapers in their hands. Henry declined to hold one, that he might lay his hand on his heart during the whole of the ceremony, to prove how sincerely he assented to what they required. This being arranged, the archbishop of Canterbury, standing up before the people, denounced a terrible curse against all that should oppose, directly or indirectly, the observance of the charters, and likewise against those who should violate, put aside, or alter the laws of the kingdom. The anathema being delivered, the charters were read aloud, and confirmed by the king, who kept his hand all the while on his breast. He then exclaimed, "So may God help me, as I inviolably observe all these things, as I am a man, as I am a Christian, as I am a knight, and as I am a crowned and anointed king." Then each of the barons threw his taper on the ground, expressing the awful wish that, as they smoked there, the souls of those who broke the charter might smoke in hell.

All this mummery did not make the king faithful to his engagements. New dissensions arose, and this caused the barons to demand further reforms, and led to the appointment of four knights for each county to inquire into existing grievances, and thus laid the foundation of the representative system,—in a word, of the House of Commons.

THE LOYAL LORD CAPEL.

Every reader of the "State Trials," must be acquainted with the story of the Loyal Lord Capel. The fortitude with

which he met his fate a few months after the fall of Charles the First, and from the hands of the same men who had hurried his royal master from existence, has been affectingly portrayed in Bishop Morley's account of the manner of his death, as well as the striking incident of his heart being presented to King Charles the Second, whose restoration Lord Capel had most confidently predicted. An account is extant, published a few years after the event, which is not preserved in the State Trials. It is not so full as that which was given to the world under the bishop's name, but from the facts stated, it is clearly written by the same hand. The concluding paragraph of the former, which mentions that the writer saw "as soon as the King came home, Sir Thomas Corbet give the silver box with that generous and loyal heart, to the King's own hands," clearly shows that the statement as then published, was prepared in or about the year 1660. Possibly the shorter one, in some respects more guardedly worded, was intended to appear immediately after Lord Capel's execution. Be that as it may, relating as it does to a person of such high rank, and yet more of such high merit, it is too valuable to be lost. It was put forth by the right reverend prelate in the following shape :

"A Letter to Mr. C. S., from a Reverend and Grave Divine.

"Sir,—I hope this paper will find you upon your recovery; you have my daily and hearty prayers for it: not so much for your own sake, (for I doubt not but it will be much better for you in regard of yourself, to be dissolved, and be with Christ) but in the behalf of the Church, your friends and poor family: to which notwithstanding be assured, God will be merciful, howsoever he disposeth of you either for this life, or for a better. But if you live (as I pray and hope you will) you shall do very well to write the life and death of that noble Lord and blessed Martyr who professed at his death, that he died for the Fifth Commandment. And to die in the defence and for the testimony of any divine truth, is truly and properly to be a martyr. That which I can contribute towards this work is, to communicate some few observations I made of him, and from him, before and after his condemnation. I was several times with him, and always found him in a very cheerful and well-composed temper of mind; proceeding from true christian grounds, and not from a Roman resolution only (as his enemies are pleased to speak of him); he told me often it was the good God he served and the Good Cause he had served for, that made him not to fear death: adding, he had never had the temptation of so much as a thought, to check him for his en-

gagement in this quarrel: for he took it for his crown and glory, and wished he had a greater ability and better fortune to engage in it.

"After his condemnation, and the afternoon before his suffering, we were a great while together: when, bewailing with that sense which became a true (and not despairing) penitent, the sins of his life past, the greatest he could remember was his voting my Lord of Strafford's death; which though (as he said) he did without any malice at all, yet he confessed it to be a very great sin: and that he had done it out of a base fear (they were his own words) of a prevailing party, adding, that he had very often, and very heartily repented of it: and was confident of God's pardon for it.

"Then he told me, he had a great desire to receive the blessed sacrament (so he called it) before he died the next morning: asking, what divine of the King's party I would recommend to him? I replied that (though many were more worthy, yet) none would be more willing to do him that service than myself. Which he accepting very kindly, told me, he durst not desire it, for fear it might be some danger to me. After this and some conference in order to his preparation, both for his viaticum and his voyage, the sacrament and his death: he desired me to pray with him. Which, after I had performed, and promised to be with him by seven the next morning, I left him for that time to his own devotions.

"The next day I was there at the time assigned: and after some short conference in order to the present occasion, he desired me to hear him pray; which he did for half an hour in an excellent method, very apt expressions and most strong, hearty, and passionate affections; first, confessing and bewailing his sins with strong cries and tears; then humbly and most earnestly desiring God's mercy, through the merits of Christ only. Secondly, for his dear wife and children, with some passion: but for her especially, with most ardent affection; recommending them to the divine providence with great confidence and assurance: and desiring for them rather the blessings of a better life, than of this. Thirdly, for the King, Church, and State. And lastly, for his enemies, with almost the same ardour and affection.

"After this, sending for my Lord of Norwich, and Sir John Owen, I read the whole office of the church for Good Friday, and homily I used for the present occasion, we received the sacrament. In which action he behaved himself with great humility, zeal, and devotion. And being demanded after we had done, how he found himself: he replied, very much better, stronger, and cheerfuller for that heavenly repast: and that he doubted not to walk like a christian

through the vale of death, in the strength of it. But he was to have an *agony* before his *passion*; and that was the parting with his *wife, eldest son, son-in-law, two of his uncles, and Sir T. C., especially the parting with his most dear lady*; which indeed was the *saddest spectacle* that ever I beheld, on which occasion he could not choose but confess a little of *humane frailty*: yet even then he did not forget both to comfort and counsel her and the rest of his friends, particularly, in blessing the *young lord*, he commanded him never to *revenge* his death, though it should be in his power; the like he said unto his *lady*. He told his *son* he would leave him a *legacy* out of *David's Psalms*, and that was this, '*Lord, lead me in a plain path.*' For, boy, (said he) I would have you a *plain honest* man, and hate *dissimulation*.

"After this, with much ado, I persuaded his wife and the rest to be gone; and then being alone with me, he said, *Doctor, the hardest part of my work in this world is now past*: meaning the *parting with his wife*.

"Then he desired me to pray *preparatively* to his death, that in the last action he might so behave himself, as might be most for *God's glory* for the endeavouring of his *dead master's memory, his present master's service*: and that he might avoid the *doing or saying* of anything, which might savour either of *vainity or sullenness*.

"This being done, they were all carried to *Sir Robert Cotton's house*, where I was with him till he was called unto the *scaffold*, and would have gone up with him: but the guard of *souldiers* would not suffer me."

The common accounts of this nobleman's conduct after condemnation, do not make it clear what is particularly alluded to, where the writer of the above speaks of his "*dying for the fifth commandment.*" The following letter written the day before his execution to his wife, not uninteresting in itself, gives explanation on that point.

"My greatest care in relation to the world, is for thy dear self. But I beseech thee, that as thou hast never refused my advice hitherto, do thou now consummate all this in one. And indeed it is so important both for thee, me, and all our children, that I presume *passion* shall not over-rule thy reason, nor my request. I beseech thee again and again moderate thy apprehension and sorrow for me, and preserve thyself to the benefit of our dear children, whom God out of his love to us in *Christ Jesus*, hath given us: and our dear *Mall* (in the case she is in) and our comforts in that family depend entirely upon thy preservation. I pray remember that the occasion of my death will give thee more cause to celebrate my memory with praise, rather than to consider it with sadness. God hath commanded my obedience to the fifth commandment, and

for acting that duty, I am condemned. God multiply all comfort to thee. I shall leave thee my dear children. In them I live with thee: and leave thee to the protection of a most gracious God. And I rest

"Thy, &c."

On the fatal morning, he thus wrote to Lady Capel his last farewell.

"My Dearest Life,—My eternal life is in *Christ Jesus*. My worldly consideration in the highest degree thou hast deserved. Let me live long here in thy dear memory to the comfort of my family, our dear children whom God out of mercy in *Christ* hath bestowed upon us. I beseech thee take care of thy health. Sorrow not unsoberly not unusually. God be unto thee better than a husband, and to my children better than a father. I am sure He is able to be so: I am confident He is graciously pleased to be so: God be with thee, my most virtuous wife: God multiply many comforts to thee and my poor children, is the fervent prayer of

"Thy, &c."

1620, 1720, AND 1820;

OR,

THE DEAD GUEST.

(Continued from page 308.)

He quickened his movements, and was somewhat cheered when he joined his wife and daughter. They were in better spirits than they had been for some time. Though he was not displeased at that, he felt shocked at the general mirth, or rather at the foolish levity, with which the one all-absorbing topic of conversation—the reported arrival of the Dead Guest—was treated, by people of sense, who, as he thought, ought to have known better. To encounter the torrent of ridicule which would have overwhelmed any one who really believed that such a personage was actually in Herbesheim, could have done no good. The sort of comfort which bantering jesters were likely to administer, was but indifferently calculated to relieve his mind. He, therefore, listened, anything but approvingly, or with pleasure, to what others said; and returned home with his lady and Frederica, at an early hour.

"What is this?" demanded Madame, as they entered the apartment in which Bantes had received the Dead Guest, and stooping, she picked up what appeared to be a letter, edged with black.

He looked confounded.

The finding of a letter supposed to be addressed to her husband is always a mighty incident to a wife. She opened it, and read—

"'Tis mine to roam in midnight gloom,
'Tis mine to act a fearful part."

She started at encountering these words again, but, perceiving they were merely part of a song, deemed them of no importance.

"And why," said she, when they had seated themselves, "were you so silent this evening? you scarcely opened your lips."

"I know it," he gravely replied.

"But why were you mute?"

"Where nonsense, not to say impiety, outrageous mockery of solemn things is the order of the day, I deem it wisdom to be still. To jest on the horrors of the grave, to laugh at the supposed situation and habits of the departed, is not exactly the way in which a sabbath evening should be spent by sensible people, who, while engaged in the struggles and anxieties of this life, ought to look forward with christian hope, but still with religious awe, to a better."

Both mother and daughter felt this was rather a severe reflection, coming, as it did, from a pious husband and father, who had been arranging his accounts all the Sunday afternoon.

"You are very thoughtful," remarked his wife.

"I have good reason to be so," he answered, with severity.

"Hardly, I think," said his partner, somewhat nettled, "what if a laugh were raised at the extravagant reports circulated respecting the Dead Guest; this was not directed against anything sacred, that christians ought to revere, but simply against the preposterous and wicked falsehoods which had been invented, and circulated through the town, to the annoyance of many poor addle-pates, and possibly to the serious distress and alarm of some well-meaning, imbecile driveller."

The manufacturer fixed a scrutinising eye on Madame Bantes, and looked as if he would have asked, "Do you mean me? am I a poor addle-pate? am I a well-meaning imbecile driveller?" this, we say, he looked; what he said, and he spoke very magisterially, ran thus—

"It is commonly the resource of unreasoning ignorance to affect superior knowledge, and to treat with contempt the superior lights and actual experience of others. Such matters are not to be regarded mere trifles."

"Hey day," cried the wife, with a laugh, "you are getting quite solemn. To what does this lecture tend? What superior lights do you mean?"

Had Madame guessed that her husband had in his "mind's eye" the vivid flashes of blue lightning which burst on his visual organ when the Dead Guest entered his

room, she would probably have spoken in a different tone.

Under any circumstances, Bantes was of opinion that his superior lights or sound understanding ought not to have been called in question.

"If," said he, "I were proved as self-sufficient as some men, and even as some of your own sex, a rational doubt might be entertained on the subject, but, I believe, I am not a man to run blindly with the crowd, and say as they say."

"On this occasion I think you do, when you appear to attach serious importance to the nonsensical prattle about the Dead Guest."

"Nonsensical, Madame, as you may deem it, you will find there is more in it than you suspect, much more than I ever suspected."

"What do you mean?"

"That the reports which we have all heard are true."

"True!"

"To the letter—to the letter—" pointing with his fore-finger to give greater effect to his speech, which he wished to be deeply impressive.

"But how," asked the lady, "how came you to change your opinion; a day or two back, and you never spoke of the expected visitor, but with contempt and laughter."

"I can do so no longer."

"Why, what has changed?"

"He has actually arrived. The visitor from the other world is positively in Herbesheim. These eyes have seen him."

"Seen whom—the Dead Guest?"

"I have, indeed. He has been here."

"Father!" exclaimed Frederica, in a tone which seemed to reprove such weakness, not to say such a monstrous disregard of truth.

"I am in earnest. The dreadful visitor has been here,—in this room. I have seen him, in all respects, such as he has been described; but, in this instance, as in 1720, he has adopted the fashionable dress of the day."

"You dream," said Madame Bantes. "That he should come at all to this or to any other place, is what I cannot easily bring myself to credit, but, that he should pay you a visit, in particular, passes all belief."

"Yet it is most true; not on my assertion alone does it rest; ask your maid, Catherine—ask her if she is sufficiently recovered from the fainting fit into which she fell on beholding the dreadful apparition, to give you an answer. Speak to Brandt—is he a hair-brained, gabbling fool—he will tell you that the Dead Guest came here, I might almost say, in a blaze of hellish fire, while the thunder roared as if the offended majesty of the sky proposed

to resent the outrage offered to nature's law, by hurling destruction on a guilty world."

"You must be deceived. Why should he come to you."

"That is but too well explained. We have a daughter. The fiend would fain make her one of his three victims."

"You cannot be serious."

"Is this a moment for jesting? Madame—madame," he went on, in a tone which he meant, from its earnestness and solemnity to remove every doubt, "this is his object; he hardly veils it. When he entered, the impostor told me his name was Hahn."

"And are you sure it was not?"

"Would the son of a banker come, think you, as Count Graves. Would he make his appearance surrounded by blue lightning."

"He might chance to arrive while a storm was raging."

"I see," said he, "with your wonted obstinacy, you resist conviction. You will not listen to reason. Your husband is a fool, and is not to be believed even when he speaks of what he has seen with his own eyes."

"My dear father," interposed Frederica, "do not be angry. What you tell us is so strange, that we can scarcely, even now, be persuaded that you are serious. Why should you think the person who has been with you, and who calls himself the son of your friend, is an impostor?"

"Why should I think so," he scornfully repeated. "Would I could think otherwise? but you will not long remain in doubt. He asked for you, and is anxious to see you in the morning."

"Well, papa, I shall have no objection to encounter him him."

"What! you are prepared to entertain the Dead Guest—a vampire, a ghost, who comes to strangle you?"

"This, if the tradition be true, he only does when he has gained the affections of a female; as yet, he has not won mine, nor do I think, young and able as he calls himself, he will easily win them."

"Nay, the Dead Guest may possess, and indeed such I have heard is the case, powers from hell, which enable him in a very short time to conquer the hearts of those he selects to murder."

"He may be insidious to the last degree, but so he come in broad day, I am not afraid to meet him."

"Well, if you are so rash, you must take the consequences. I see how it is. When a husband is in question, a spinster is not afraid of risking her neck, or running to the devil."

The inquiries made by Madame Bantes and Frederica, though they proved that there had been an alarm, and that a visitor

in black had been with the manufacturer, did not establish to their satisfaction the fact that the individual who had called was the Dead Guest. The incredulous mirth of those with whom they had spent their evening had steeled them against conviction, and the parties sought their beds without coming to any very remarkable union of feeling on this all-engrossing subject.

Bantes was stirring in good time on the following morning; he sought the mayor of the town, and advised with him as to the best method of getting rid of the stranger. The magistrate was puzzled how to act. First, nothing was distinctly proved against the gentleman in mourning, who had put up at the Black Cross; and, in the second place, he knew of no law applicable to the case of a Dead Guest.

The minister of the church, to whom he next applied, was much better informed, and spoke very learnedly on the subject. He considered the case one of difficulty, and as physicians generally discover that they ought to have been sooner called in, he remarked that the evil was rendered much greater by having been suffered to run on so long. Hence, he considered, a great difficulty arose; the Dead Guest had gained, so to speak, a *locus standi*, from which, even by the church, he could not easily be removed. In other times, the corpse of an offending vampire had been taken from the grave and disembowelled, and this, with the subtraction of the heart, and the committing it to the flames, had been found very effectual. But, unhappily, he was obliged to add, a remedy so simple, and in all respects excellent, could not very promptly be applied where neither bowels nor heart was likely to be found.

"You suppose them," said the manufacturer, "to have mouldered into dust again."

"That is not certain: they may remain—it has often happened with vampires—in as perfect a state as if they had recently been interred; but with this important circumstance in our favour, as we do not know the former name of the offender, nor his present grave, we cannot make it of any avail. Among the Greeks, in such a case, it was common to boil the remains of a suspected party in wine. That could be tried on any house or remnant that you may guess to have belonged to this Hahn or Graves. While you are seeking for the corpse, a portion of the wine can, if you think proper, be sent to my residence, the most convenient place for trying the experiment, that it may be ready to perform the imposing ceremony at any moment you may deem it necessary."

(To be continued.)

ENGLISH LIFE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER IX.—PRESS GANGS.

Fly! fly! thou jolly tar; run! run! run! the press gang is at thy heels, and in another minute thou wilt be an unwilling servitor of King George. Rush! rush! in here, out there, down this court, up that lane—ha! now you have escaped!—no, here come the blue jackets again, tearing, swearing, splashing, and dashing along the streets, upsetting children, alarming old women, treading upon toes, and sending wounded dogs yelling in every direction. Now they have him!—no; he has ducked from their hands, and, with one desperate race for life and liberty, rushes through an open doorway, bolts up stairs, and barricades the door. Ha! ha! my men-of-war's men, you have missed your game, and there is honest Tom Bowsprit grinning at you from the window.

"Which way did he go?" "Show me the staircase!" and in another second, the press gang are thundering at the garret door; but honest Tom is again alert—he is running along the parapet of the house, with a desperate disregard of the safety of his neck, and when the foremost of his pursuers at length pokes his hand forth from the window, it receives a very respectable kick from the heel of the victim's shoe; and he, jolly soul! having accomplished this feat, nods and grins at the crowd below, politely "hopes" the broken-pated "liked it," and, clambering into the next house, comfortably disposes himself before the fire, and forthwith sets about heating the poker to give his pursuers a warm reception. And, faith, here they come! the poker is red hot—Tom is valiant—several faces are damaged, and heads cracked, but the press gang are determined—Tom is knocked down, disarmed, pinioned, and conveyed to the tender off the Tower, where we must leave him, swearing desperately at press gangs, kings, wars, navies, rats, and tenders.

The war with France, which concluded the last century, afforded ample occupation for our sailors, and the consequence was that large wages were offered to seamen in merchant vessels, while the navy would have been left comparatively unmanned, had the scheme of impressment not been suggested. Bodies of men-of-war's men, headed by some inferior officer, were accordingly dis-

patched from ships in want of hands, for the purpose of impressing seamen, and even (if the demand were very "brisk") landmen, into his Majesty's service.

Captains, mates, and apprentices were the only persons who could claim exemption from impressment, and even they were compelled to produce the requisite certificates, their ship's papers, indentures, or other documents. Homeward-bound vessels were frequently stripped of almost all their hands by some cruiser off the coast, who boarded them and left them just sufficient of their crew to bring the vessel into port. A great-uncle of my own, in opposition to his interest and his friends' wishes, had, when young, persisted in becoming a sailor, was returning from a long voyage, and had already neared the English coast, when a man-of-war was desecrated bearing towards them. As, from their long absence, they were ignorant of the state of affairs at home, they hailed her, and inquired whether "all was safe in England?" "All's well!" was the reply; and, the next minute, the frigate hove to, a boat ran alongside of the ship, the greater portion of the hands were impressed, only a sufficient number being left to navigate the vessel, and my great-uncle and his messmates, who had been calculating on seeing their friends in a couple of days, and had already given them notice of their approach, were wafted into the Mediterranean on a twelvemonth's cruise, unwilling servants of the king.

This arbitrary system of kidnapping (for it almost deserves the name) was a cruel hardship on merchant seamen, but it was one of those necessary evils which are attendant upon, and indispensable for, the success of a foreign war.

It cannot be denied that connected with the practice many heart-rending scenes of misery occurred. The sailor who had been honourably and successfully braving the dangers of stormy seas and pestilential climates, when triumphantly returning to enjoy with his expectant family, the fruits of his labours, learned the startling news that warrants were out, and a "hot press going on at all the outports," and in the next hour seized, he was forced on board a man-of-war.

..... "He heaved a sigh,
And said, though cruel was his lot,
Ere flinch from duty he would die."

One sad case was brought under the

notice of parliament. A poor woman, condemned for one of those comparatively trifling thefts which, in the last age were punished capitally, had been brought to distress through the absence of her husband; and the crime for which her life was forfeited, had been committed to get food for the child of him who was then fighting the battles of his country. In pathetic terms the poor sufferer lamented the hardship of her situation. Her husband, she said, had been stolen away from her, and the theft no one attempted to punish. But for that she had never taken the property of another. She had been drawn to it because she could not gain a livelihood for herself and her infant. This moving appeal was of no avail; for there was no mercy. On the morning of her execution she was duly summoned. Before leaving the prison, in the presence of the officers, she suckled her unconscious offspring for the last time, and was then conducted to Tyburn, where the dreadful punishment awarded by law was sternly inflicted.

It may be added in some cases the pressing of seamen proved of immense benefit to the country. However reluctant to go, when once opposed to the enemy the sailor would fight; and great dangers, and even meditated invasions, have been averted by the power thus obtained to meet a sudden emergency.

ALEXANDER ANDREWS.

MERE DREAMS.

Part II.

Some twenty years ago I remember seeing a little boy's memoranda, and among them one headed, "Dreams of William Johnson," struck me not a little. Had an individual regularly put on paper his dreams as he passed from infancy to manhood, a view of these, together with the circumstances immediately preceding or following them might possibly have thrown more light on their true character than all the speculations yet hazarded by ingenuity and learning.

Dr. Franklin held that, considering how large a portion of human life is necessarily passed in sleep, it was most desirable, if possible, to secure a succession of pleasant dreams. He tells us that—

"Health, moderate exercise, and avoiding excesses in eating and drinking, are favourable to pleasant dreams."

But, principally, he dwells upon the importance of a cool bed. That cool air is in many cases good, few would doubt, if Dr. Franklin had not found out that Methuselah owed his lengthened career to sleeping in one; but however valuable his directions as to cooling an overheated couch, though he adds the scenes in consequence presented are of the most pleasant kind, many have the affliction to know that cheerful dreams are not always so to be procured or even refreshing sleep.

The celebrated painter Fuseli, and Mrs. Radcliffe, the romance writer, are said to have indulged in suppers which produced indigestion, and by this means succeeded in gaining what they coveted—horrible visions; it is not recorded within the limited range of my reading that they or anybody else ever attained the enviable power of producing their opposites.

How delightful would it be if this were accomplished! What vast enjoyment might then be procured at a cheap rate! The humble would hardly have cause to mourn the unkindness of fortune by day, if the full enjoyment of all they could covet on earth awaited them at night. The garret-stewed artisan might enjoy his mansion and his park, his gun and his dogs; nay, the houseless, naked beggar might inhabit the palace, partake of the costly viands, and wear the richest robes of a king, and all without prejudice to the public treasury, offence to the foreigner, or annoyance to the courtiers.

Taking a hint from the little boy's memoranda, a gentleman made notes a few years back of his dreams and as many circumstances connected with them as seemed likely to have any bearing on their characters. A specimen is subjoined:—

"Dec. 5, 1836.—Mild weather. In moderate spirits. Dined at 6 o'clock on cold beef; drank nothing, but took tea shortly afterwards. Went to bed about midnight.

"I dreamed that I was in a house where a *table d'hôte* was established, or something like it. At first, from a wish to be economical, I resolved not to eat, but changed my mind on seeing a dish which I thought I should like, which, by the way, while I hesitated, was nearly disposed of.

"I then found myself in company with some gay ladies, and with a friend, a medical gentleman. The latter has always been a singularly correct young man, yet his conduct on this occasion, as well as my own, and also that of the ladies, was disorderly in the extreme."

Could the frugal fare of the writer by day have prompted such extravagancies at night?

"March 10, 1837.—Weather cold, sharp winds, and some rain. In moderate spirits. Dined at half-past four on soles and roast pork. Took some Bronte, and afterwards red port, but not much. Drank tea at half-past seven, smoked cigars, took a light supper, and drank a little malt liquor before going to bed.

"I dreamt that I had been elected a member of Parliament, and that none of my friends were aware of it. I had declined going to the House, and had kept my good fortune secret, as I was not prepared immediately to encounter the expense of taking my seat, which I understood would be something considerable, and I feared that my general style of living must be materially altered. I was comforted by the thought that the power of franking letters would be a great benefit, and I also calculated on getting the parliamentary papers for nothing! I went to a sort of lobby of the House of Commons, which, however, was neither like the former nor the present lobby, and there I saw a member of parliament trying on slippers. I met a gentleman connected with the commissioners of poor-laws, and told him the hesitation I had about taking my seat. This person, whom I had not seen for years, told me the expenses of which I stood in dread would not exceed twenty shillings. I then heard a cry of "The House up," and saw the members coming out. One of them shook hands with me, and called me by my name. I had seen him before, but could not recollect where. I took hold of his arm, and determined to question him about the expenses to be incurred, when I awoke."

Had the better cheer in which the writer indulged on this day any influence on the occasional thoughts which came to his sleeping hours?

"After awaking," the writer proceeds, "I drank some cold water, and went to sleep again, and was still fidgetty about money matters. I dreamt that I had charged a friend, an eminent member of the faculty, with taking money from my desk. He denied it. I shewed him that violence had been used, and persisted in my accusation. With tears in his eyes he at length promised to send me a thousand pounds. I then somewhat relented, saw him down stairs, and kindly told him that seven hundred would be sufficient."

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF AILESBUURY.



Arms.—For Bruce quarterly, first and fourth, or a saltier and chief gu., on a canton or, a lion rampant az. For Brudenell, second and third, or., a chev., gu., between three morions or steel caps, az.

Crest, a sea-horse naiant, p. pr.

Supporters. Two savages, p. pr., wreathed round the loins and temples, vert.

Motto. Think and thank. For Elgin, *Fuimus.*

"We have been."

THE barony of Bruce of Whorlton, in the county of York, we find was conferred by Charles I., August 1, 1641, upon Thomas Bruce, third lord Bruce, of Kinloss, who had previously, July 18, 1633, been elevated to the Scottish earldom of Elgin. His lordship married, first, Ann, daughter of Sir Robert Chichester, knight, of Raleigh, in the county of Devon. She died in 1627, leaving by him an only son, Robert, who succeeded him. He afterwards married Anne, daughter and co-heir of William, lord Barchley, and widow of Henry De Vere, earl of Oxford, but had no other issue. He died December, 1663, and was succeeded by his son, Robert, second earl of Elgin, baron Bruce of Kinloss, and baron Bruce of Whorlton, who, for great services rendered to Charles I., and his lordship's exertions to promote the Restoration, was created in the English peerage, March 18, 1663, baron Bruce of Skelton, in the county of York, viscount Bruce of Amptill, in the county of Bedford, and earl of Ailesbury, in the county of Bucks. He married Diana, daughter of Henry Grey, first earl of Stamford, by whom he had issue eight sons and nine daughters. At the coronation of James II., April 23, 1685, the earl of Ailesbury was one of the lords who bore St. Edward's staff, and he was appointed, on the 30th of July following, lord chamberlain of the household. He died October 20, in the same year, and was succeeded by his eldest surviving son,

Thomas, third earl of Elgin, and second earl of Ailesbury, who married, August 13, 1676, Elizabeth, only surviving daughter of Henry, lord Beauchamp, son of William, marquis of Hertford (afterwards second duke of Somerset), and at the death of her

brother, the third duke of Somerset, September 26, 1671, sole heir to Tottenham Park, and Savernake Forest, in Wiltshire, besides divers estates in that and other counties. By this great heiress his lordship had issue, Charles, his successor, who was summoned to parliament during the life of his father as lord Bruce; and Elizabeth, who married George Bradness, second earl of Cardigan, by whom she had four sons, the youngest of whom succeeded his uncle, the earl of Ailesbury, in the barony of Bruce and Tottenham.

The earl of Ailesbury was among the first to invite the prince of Orange to England, in 1688, as a mediator between the crown and the people; but he peremptorily refused to sanction the advance of William to the throne, and would never swear allegiance to the government of the Revolution. In 1690-1, during the absence of William in Ireland, queen Mary issued a proclamation for the apprehension of his lordship, with other suspicious persons, but he was not then taken. Some years afterwards, however, being accused of attending meetings at the Old King's Head tavern in Leadenhall-street, the object of which was to effect the restoration of King James, he was committed to the Tower, which so affected the countess that she died in childhood, January 12, 1696-7. The earl was admitted to bail on the 12th of February following. Subsequently, he obtained leave from the king to reside at Brussels, where he married Charlotte, countess of Sannil, of the ancient and noble house of Argentan, in the duchy of Brabant, and by her he had a daughter, Charlotte Maria, who in 1722 was married to the prince of Horne. His lordship died in November, 1741, and was succeeded by his only surviving son, Charles, who married, first, Lady Anne Saville, eldest daughter and co-heir of William, marquis of Halifax. By her he had a son, who died during the life of his father; and two daughters, Mary and Elizabeth. The former afterwards became duchess of Chandos; the latter was married to the Hon. Bragge Bathurst. The earl took for his second consort Lady Juliana Boyle, second daughter of Charles, earl of Burlington. By that lady he had no issue, and on her decease, he entered the matrimonial state for the third time, uniting himself, in 1739, to Caroline, only daughter of general John Campbell, of Manore, who was afterwards duke of Argyll. By her he had a daughter Mary, who was married, in 1755, to Charles, duke of Richmond. In consequence of the failure of male issue, his lordship obtained, April 17, 1746, by patent, the barony of Bruce of Tottenham, in the county of Wilts, with remainder to his nephew, the Hon. Thomas Brudenell. On his lordship's death, February 10, 1747,

the earldom of Ailesbury, &c., became extinct, the Scottish titles devolving upon Charles, ninth earl of Kincardine, and the barony of Bruce, created as above, descended to his nephew, the Hon. Thomas Brudenell, second baron, who thereupon assumed the name and arms of Bruce in addition to those of his own family. He married first, February 17, 1761, Susannah, daughter of Henry Hoare, Esq., of Stourhead, in Wiltshire, and relict of viscount Dungannon, by whom he had one son and two daughters. He afterwards married, in February, 1788, Anne, the eldest daughter of John, first earl of Moira. Lord Bruce, on the 8th of June, became earl of Ailesbury. He died April 19, 1814, and was succeeded by the present peer, Charles Bruce Brudenell Bruce, K.T., who married, first, April 10, 1793, Henrietta Maria, daughter of Noel, first Lord Berwick, by whom he had issue two sons and four daughters. He again married, in 1833, Maria, youngest daughter of the Honorable Charles Tollemache, by whom he has issue Charles William, born June 18, 1834. His lordship succeeded to the earldom and barony, as second earl, on the death of his father, April 19, 1814, and was created, on the 17th of July, 1821, viscount Savernake, earl Bruce, and marquis of Ailesbury.

LORD BACON'S WEAKNESSES.

In noticing the work called "English Prose" last week, our tribute of praise was offered, because the author appeared to think for himself, and speak what he thought. This will be seen in an extract from his life of Lord Bacon. The facts mentioned are not a little striking, and some of them have escaped many of his lordship's biographers. They show that he was as mean as he was great, and the writer, doing justice to all that nobly distinguished him from the sons of men, disdains to varnish over the defects which force themselves on our notice:—

"In notes seemingly made for a speech or a memorial which he meant to deliver to the king at the kissing of hands, promised in Buckingham's letter of the 13th of November, 1622, lord Bacon writes, 'Of my offences far be it from me to say *dat veniam corvis, vexat censura columbas*: but I will say that I have good warrant for, they were not the greatest offenders in Israel upon whom the wall of Shiloh fell;' 'I would live to study, and not study to live; yet I am prepared for *date obolum Beliasio*, and I that have borne a bag, can bear a wallet;' and after setting down certain flatteries to Buckingham, he notes for the prince, among other compliments, 'The work of the Father is creation; of the Son, redemption.'

"As it has been argued by one advocate that because lord Bacon wrote most wisely and virtuously on duty to man, he could not have been guilty of the offences towards man that are imputed to him, so another proves, by his prayers and confessions of faith, that a more pious mind never existed. Such allusions as the above are scarcely the offspring of a pious mind, and Bacon was not sparing of them. In May, 1612, he thus addressed the king: 'I will make two prayers unto your majesty as I used to do to God Almighty, when I commend to him his own glory and cause; so I will pray to your majesty for yourself.' Again, on the 2nd of October, 1620: 'I hear that your majesty hath done as God Almighty useth to do, which is to turn evil into good.' In his letter to James, at the beginning of his troubles, on the 20th of April, 1621, he wrote, 'I think myself infinitely bounden to your majesty for vouchsafing me access to your royal person, and to touch the hem of your garment. I see your majesty imitateth Him that would not break the broken reed, nor quench the smoking flax, and as your majesty imitateth Christ, so I hope assuredly my lords of the Upper House will imitate you.' On the following 5th of September, he used words which, considering the nature of his services to the king, are remarkable: 'Cardinal Wolsey said that if he had served God as he served the king, he had not been ruined. My conscience saith no such thing, for I know not but in serving you, I have served God in one.' On the 16th July, 1621, he says, 'This same *nova creatura* is the work of God's pardon and the king's, and since I have the inward seal of the one, I hope well of the other.' About September, 1622, he again addresses his majesty: 'As towards Almighty God there are offences against the first and second table, and yet all against God; so with the servants of kings, there are offences more immediate against the sovereign, although all offences against law are against the king; and after speaking of the prince, Buckingham, and the lords, as willing that the king should assist him, he proceeds, 'but if it may please your majesty, for saints I shall give them reverence but no adoration; my address is to your majesty, the fountain of all goodness.'

"On the 7th of February, 1623, the prince of Wales and Buckingham went off secretly to Spain, whence they returned on the 5th of October. On the following 25th of November, lord Bacon sent by a Mr. Parker to Buckingham, who was at Newmarket, a letter suing for a full pardon to enable him to sit in parliament and be capable of holding office. On the 28th of January, 1624, Buckingham wrote to him that the king was inclined to grant his

request; and a full pardon was granted, but he never again sat in parliament, for although after the death of James, at Theobalds, in Hertfordshire, on the 27th of March, 1625, he was summoned to the first parliament of Charles I., which assembled on the 18th of June, ill health prevented him from taking his seat.

"From the time of his fall down to the year 1625, he addressed himself in the most piteous letters to Buckingham, writing as if he had been in sore destitution; yet, beside the shameful advantage that his fine gave him, he had a yearly income of more than £2,500, consisting of a pension of £1,200, which had been granted when he was made chancellor, £600, the profit of farming writs on alienation, and more than £700 from his estate at Gorhambury. As far as worldly goods are concerned he did not deserve much pity; he was, as he had always been, in debt and in difficulty, but continued to live in splendour, and meant to be buried in splendour; by his will, made a few months before his death, he directed that not more than £300 should be expended on his funeral: by the same will he proposed to give to his wife, among other things, his four coach geldings and his best caroache, and also her own coach mares and caroache.

He had no public employment after his trial. On the 25th of March, 1625, the provostship of Eton was likely to be vacant by the death of Mr. Thomas Murray, who died on the following 1st of April, and Bacon applied for it to the king, thinking that it would cost nothing, would be a pretty cell for his fortune, and that he could make the college and school flourish; but the place had been promised to another. In his retirement he wrote among other works, *A History of Henry VII.*, *A History of the Winds*, *The New Atlantis*, an unfinished philosophical romance, *Sylva Sylvarum* or *Natural History*, and published an enlarged edition of his *Essays*, and a treatise *De Augmentis Scientiarum*, which is a Latin translation of the *Advancement of Learning*, with some alteration and an addition in quantity of about one-third of the whole book.

"On the 2nd of April, 1626, he went from his chambers at Gray's Inn into the country. Snow was lying on the ground, and as he came near Highgate, he bethought him that perhaps flesh might be preserved in snow as well as in salt. He alighted from his coach, and went into a poor woman's house at the bottom of Highgate Hill, bought a hen, and helped to stuff it with snow. In the last letter which he dictated, he says that the experiment succeeded excellently well; but it was fatal to him; he was seized with a chill, and obliged to rest at the earl of Arundel's house at

Highgate, where he was put into a bed that had not been slept in for a year. He died there, of a gentle fever accompanied with a great cold, on the 9th of April, 1626, and, according to his will, was buried in St. Michael's church, in the town of St. Alban's, where his mother lay; the body of his faithful servant, Thomas Meautys, lies at his feet.

"Of the domestic history of lord Bacon not much is known. His chief country seat was at Gorhambury, near St. Alban's. York Place was his town-house while he held the seals, and he built chambers in Gray's Inn, where he dwelt by turns the most part of his life (some few years excepted) to his dying day, and planted Gray's Inn gardens with elm-trees. An editor of his works, to whom frequent allusion will be made, tells us that the chambers were at No. 1, Gray's Inn-square, on the north side, up one pair of stairs, and that he made a pilgrimage thither in June, 1832—perhaps paying homage at the wrong shrine, for Bacon in his will describes his chambers in Gray's Inn as being on the ground floor, and the third and fourth floors.

"He had no child, and his wife, who survived, seems to have given him some affront while he was writing his will; after making a large provision for her beyond that to which she was legally entitled, by an after sentence, 'for just and great causes,' he takes it all away again.

"To judge from his *Essay on Love* he was not of a gallant temper, and only two instances of 'caps or courtesies' paid by him to the fair sex can be found. In the evidence given on his impeachment, it appears that the lady Wharton, having a cause depending in chancery, went to York House with a hundred pounds in a purse. My lord asked her what she had in her hand? She replied, 'A purse of my own making,' and presented it to him; he took it, saying, 'What lord could refuse a purse of so fair a lady's working?' and afterward he made a decree for her. In the other instance, it seems that, having borrowed a pair of stockings at the house of Sir Michael Hickes, of Austin Friars, who was lord Burleigh's secretary, and Bacon's agent in his distresses about money, from 1593 down to 1612, he was doubtful whether he lay under an obligation to Lady Hickes or to Miss Hickes. Therefore, on the 8th of January, 1612, he sent carnation-coloured stockings, with the following letter:—'Sir Michael, I do use, as you know, to pay my debts with time, but indeed if you will have a good and perfect colour in a carnation stocking, it must be long in the dying. I have some scruple of conscience whether it was my lady's stockings or her daughter's, and I would have

the restitution to be to the right person, else I shall not have absolution. Therefore, I have sent to them both, desiring them to wear them for my sake, as I did wear their's for mine own sake.'

"Since it was not beneath the dignity of ancient biography to record that Epaminondas danced gracefully, it may well be allowed, in a modern essay of this kind, to point out—what has escaped the notice of lord Bacon's biographers—that he had a pretty little foot and a slender ankle, otherwise he would surely have borrowed stockings from Sir Michael, and not from the ladies. Assuming that the stockings were of silk, we may learn, too, from this letter, with what giant strides, luxury, in carnation-coloured silk stockings, was stalking over the land, seeing that early in the reign of James I., Lady Hickes and Miss Hickes, of Austin Friars, were each gifted with an indefinite number of pairs of silk stockings of so gorgeous a colour, dyed, as one may guess, by the hands of lord Bacon himself; whereas Queen Elizabeth, in the early part of her reign, had but one single pair of silk stockings, and they were black."

Reviews.

Practical Observations on the Prevention, Causes, and Treatment of Curvatures of the Spine. By SAMUEL HARE.

WE have read this work with marked attention, and with no mean degree of gratification; for, in this book-writing age, few works there are that have such a claim to our attention, few that are capable of affording such beneficial results. Mr. Hare, a medical gentleman, a man of sound intellect, and a philanthropist, has produced a work founded on practical experience, in which he directs our attention to that which must be considered all-important and worthy of the attention and consideration of every thinking being—the melioration of the condition of man, and the promotion of his happiness. Man, to a certain degree, is a creature of circumstance. His temper, his disposition, his entire character, receive a tinge from those by whom he is surrounded, and therefore swayed and governed by the customs and opinions that prevail around him. By this means noxious practices are adopted detrimental to his constitution, which, were their evil effects fully made known, they would, in many cases, be avoided. Mr. Hare, urges the importance of using every endeavour to secure that which is essential to enjoyment

—health; and cites numerous cases where people have been rendered decrepid, suffering throughout their lives, by the negligence, or rather ignorance of their parents, in rearing them in childhood. Throughout the whole range of animated existence, the young of no species is so helpless, or continues so long to require assistance as that of man, and among no other animals is there so great a mortality during the early period of life; therefore, the proper discharge of the office of nursing is imperative on all mothers. To render parents capable of doing so, is the result of this work, for the author begins with the management of infants, shows the improper modes adopted in lifting children,—the causes of malformation resulting from impropriety of dress, and finishes the first chapter with a few general considerations respecting health.

Chapter II. traces the origin of spinal distortion so prevalent amongst females, and important observations are offered, which, if attended to, may save many from that fearful affliction.

Mr. Hare introduces several cases of spinal distortion, which, it was our intention to treat at length, but want of space forces us to close our remarks. We strongly urge all parents to have this work in their possession, as it is highly useful, and written in a style suited to the comprehension of the general reader.

Letters of Sir Horace Walpole to Sir Horace Mann. Concluding Series: Parts III., IV. [Bentley.]

"More last words." When the former portion of his "concluding series" came before the public, every one supposed that at length we had got to the end of Walpole's letters. It was almost time. For more than half a century "Letters of Horace Walpole" have been incessantly before the public, in newspapers, magazines, and reviews, and in every possible shape that ingenuity can devise, or typography body forth. It may, we suppose, be taken for granted that the whole stock is now worked off. Of this, indeed, "laud we the gods!" there can hardly be a doubt. The *spirit* of Walpole is at length effectually laid; for many of this set of epistles are feeble in comparison with their predecessors, and some of them are very elderly acquaintances, who have waited upon us so often, that their welcome is completely worn

out, and few will feel disposed to invite them to come again. Walpole's satirical picture of the mad expedition of Lord George Gordon, in 1780, when that hair-brained person led a mob to threaten the Parliament, may afford some amusement:

"LORD GEORGE GORDON'S EXPEDITION.

—Early on Friday morning the conservators of the Church of England assembled in *St. George's Fields* to encounter the dragon, the old serpent, and marched in lines of six and six—about thirteen thousand only, as they were computed—with a petition as long as the procession, which the apostle himself presented; but, though he had given out most Christian injunctions for peaceable behaviour, he did everything in his power to promote a massacre. He demanded immediate repeal of toleration, told Lord North he could have him torn to pieces, and, running every minute to the door or windows, bawled to the populace that Lord North would give them no redress, and that now this member, now that, was speaking against them. In the meantime, the peers, going to their own chamber, and as yet not concerned in the petition, were assaulted; many of their glasses were broken, and many of their persons torn out of the carriages. Lord Boston was thrown down and almost trampled to death; and the two secretaries of state, the master of the ordnance, and lord Willoughby, were stripped of their bags or wigs, and the three first came into the House with their hair all dishevelled. The chariots of Sir George Savile and Charles Turner, two leading advocates for the late toleration, though in opposition, were demolished; the Duke of Richmond and Burke were denounced to the mob as proper objects for sacrifice. Lord Mahon laboured to pacify the tempest, and, towards eight and nine, prevailed on so many to disperse, that the Lords rose and departed in quiet! but every avenue to the other House was besieged and blockaded, and for hours they kept their doors locked, though some of the warmest members proposed to sally out, sword in hand, and cut their way. Lord North and that House behaved with great firmness, and would not submit to give any other satisfaction to the rioters, than to consent to take the Popish laws into consideration on the following Tuesday; and, calling the justices of the peace, empowered them to call out the whole force of the county to quell the riot. The magistrates soon brought the horse and foot guards, and the pious ragamuffins soon fled, so little enthusiasm fortunately had inspired them: at least, all their religion consisted in

outrage and plunder; for the Duke of Northumberland, General Grant, Mr. Mackinsy, and others, had their pockets picked of their watches and snuff-boxes. Happily, not a single life was lost. This tumult, which was over between nine and ten at night, had scarce ceased, before it broke out in two other quarters. Old Haslang's chapel was broken open and plundered; and, as he is a prince of smugglers as well as Bavarian minister, great quantities of rum, tea, and contraband goods were found in his house. This one cannot lament; and still less, as the old wretch has for these forty years usurped a hired house, and, though the proprietor for many years has offered to remit his arrears of rent, he will neither quit the house nor pay for it. Monsieur Cordon, the Sardinian minister, suffered still more. The mob forced his chapel, stole two silver lamps, demolished everything else, threw the benches into the street, set them on fire, carried the brands into the chapel, and set fire to that; and, when the engines came, would not suffer them to play till the guards arrived, and saved the house, and probably all that part of the town. Poor Madame Cordon was confined by illness. My cousin, Thomas Walpole, who lives in Lincoln's Inn-fields, went to her rescue, and dragged her, for she could scarce stand with terror and weakness, to his own house."

Studies of Sensation and Event; Poems
by Ebenezer Jones. [Fox.

THE reader most disposed to cheer the daring scribe who in these times comes before the world with a volume of poems, will meet with something to chill his ardour in these pages. There are sins against harmony, that even those who are not prone to complain of trifles, will find it difficult to pass over in a wooer of the tuneful nine; some of the lines are most inelegantly eked out with "creeping monosyllables," and the dullness so induced is at times relieved with extravagances still more alarming.

But with faults like these, and they are not small ones, there is a lively, aspiring spirit from time to time "bursts on the eye like the morning, and seems a young giant rejoicing in his strength," which greatly redeems the offences proved against the writer. It partakes a good deal of the genuine spirit of poetry, which spurning the rules art has laid down, thinks and speaks without regard to precedent or law, and sometimes it rises from wild confusion, to elegance and beauty. Mr. Jones probably feels

that the critics of former days, are as Voltaire has told us, "*Tyrans qui ont voulu asservir à leurs lois une nation libre*," and has, therefore, set at nought their precepts; he may, however, do well in his future efforts not to trust too largely to his fancy, genius, inspiration, or whatever he may term his motive power, but rather apply himself more carefully "to please by method," and avoid those discordant words and sentences which, without aiding the sense, interrupt the song.

Some of these poems have a sportive originality about them, which is very agreeable, with occasional touches of feeling, which many approved poets attempt in vain. "The Gem of Coquettes," is a singularly lively ditty, and the song which follows will shew that "there is some roast beef in Mr. Jones," as Tate Wilkinson used to say of a promising young actor.

KINGS OF GOLD.

Of us all are marble halls,
Amid untrodden groves,
Where music ever calls,
Where faintest perfumes roves;
And thousands, tailing moan,
That gorgeous robes may fold,
The haughty forms alone
Of us—the Kings of Gold.

(Chorus.) We cannot count our slaves,
Nothing bounds our sway,
Our will destroys and saves,
We let, we create, we slay,
Ha! ha! who are Gods?

Purple, and crimson, and blue,
Jewels, and silks, and pearl,
All splendours of form and hue,
Our charmed existence furl;
When dared shadow dim
The glow in our winecups rolled!
When dropped the banquet-hymn
Raised for the King of Gold!

The earth, the earth, is ours!
Its corn, its fruits, its wine,
Its sun, its rain, its flowers,
Ours, all, all!—cannot shine
One sunlight ray, but where
Our mighty titles hold;
Wherever life is, there
Possess the Kings of Gold.

And all on earth that lives,
Woman, and man, and child,
Us trembling homage gives;
Aye trampled, sport-delled,
None dareth raise one frown.
Or slightest questioning hold;
Our scorn but strikes them down
To adore the Kings of Gold.

On beds of azure down,
In halls of torturing light,
Our poisoned harlots moan,
And burning, toss to sight:
They are ours—for as they burn;
They are ours, to reject, to hold;
We taste—we exult—we spurn—
For we are the Kings of Gold.

The serf writhes in toil
As we seize his red-tipped girl,
His white-joined wife; aye, while
Fierce millions burn, to hurl
Rocks on our regal brows
Knives in our hearts to hold—
They pale, prepare them bows
At the step of the Kings of Gold.

In a glorious sea of hate,
Eternal rocks we stand;
Our joy is our lonely state;
And our trust, our own right hand;
We frown, and nations shrink;
They curse, but our swords are old;
And the wine of their rage, deep drink
The dauntless Kings of Gold.

Miscellaneous.

Warm Bath of Ojo Caliente.—In Kendall's narrative of the Texan Santa Fé expedition, we find a remarkable account of the scene witnessed at a noted warm well which is found in Ojo Caliente. "The water," he says, "boils up in great quantities, and forms a large, deep basin from the very fountain head. Several of the prisoners immediately divested themselves of their clothing, and dashed into the refreshing element, diving and swimming about in water just warm enough to be comfortable. Before they left the large natural bathing-tub, the party was increased by the arrival of several Mexican girls, who, not in the least daunted by the presence of the Texans, immediately joined them in their aquatic spots. With merry and joyous laughter they commenced splashing the water about them; now diving to the bottom, and then rising to the surface, shaking the water from their long hair, and paddling about like Newfoundland dogs. It may not have been generally remarked, and may not be always the case, but nearly all the females I have seen swim—Mexicans, Indians, and all—paddle along after the manner of water-dogs, and one of them makes more noise than a dozen of the other sex. In San Antonio, where the women are excellent swimmers, and visit the river regularly once or twice a day, the noise a party of them make might be mistaken for that of so many porpoises or sea-horses. That the females living upon many of the rivers and lakes of Mexico take to the water so naturally, and appear upon its surface divested of those loose garments with which our American ladies are wont to array themselves upon such occasions, may be looked upon as betraying a want of modesty by some of my fair readers; but with the girls of Mexico there is an absence of all thought that they are doing wrong, which should fully exculpate them from blame. The customs of the country sanction the occurrence of scenes such as I have just mentioned, and many others which would be deemed highly indelicate

in other lands; and however much the foreigner may at first be tempted to doubt their strict correctness, he soon learns that no conventional rules forbid them. True modesty consists in the thought which governs every action; and viewed in this light, there was certainly no immodesty in the girls of Ojo Caliente indulging in a bath, even if they did appear 'right before folks,' as the philosophic Sam Slick would say."

The Cuckoo.—"To no bird is the gift of prophecy more commonly attributed than to the cuckoo, whose loud measured voice resounds in the woods just clad with fresh verdure. The old German saying, 'Wann der gauch guhet,' denotes the beginning of spring, just as, according to Hesiod, the song of the cuckoo announces the time of the spring rains. Two old poems describe the contention of spring and winter about the cuckoo, and the lament of the herdsmen for him; the spring praises, slow winter—*tarda hieme*—reproaches the bird. The popular belief still exists that whoever hears the cry of the cuckoo for the first time in the spring, may ask him how many more years he has to live. In Switzerland the children cry, 'Gugger, wie lang lebi no?' In Lower Saxony,

'Kukuk vam haven
Wo lange sall ik leven!'

and then they listen and count; as many times as the bird cries after it is questioned, so many years has he who asks the question to live. The bird is said to be a bewitched baker or miller-boy, and thus has pale or meal-coloured feathers. In a dear season he robbed poor folks of their dough, and when God blessed the dough in the oven, drew it out, plucked some off, and every time cried out as he did so, 'Gukuk!' (Look, look!) God therefore punished him, and turned him into a thievish bird, who continually repeats this cry. This legend, which is of great antiquity, and resembles that of the woodpecker, may at an earlier period have been otherwise told; and connected with it may have been the notion that the cry of the cuckoo, if heard after St. John's day, betokens scarcity. In Sweden he prophecies to unmarried lasses how many years they shall remain single. If he cries oftener than ten times they say that he sits upon a silly bough, and give no heed to his prophecies. Much depends upon the direction in which the cuckoo is first heard; if from the north (that is the unlucky side) you will have mourning during the year: from the east or west his cry portends good fortune. In Gæthe's 'Frühlingsorakel,' the prophetic bird announces to a pair of lovers their approaching marriage, and the number of children. We have a story related by the abbot Theobald of a certain novice, who, assuring himself of living twenty-two years longer,

from having heard the cuckoo repeat its cry just so many times, concluded that it was needless for him to pass so long a period in mortification, and resolved to return and lead a jolly life for twenty years, thinking the remaining two quite enough for penitence. From the regularity of the time of his appearance, the cuckoo is probably the bird designated *zitvogel* in an old proverb, in accordance with the passage of Pliny, '*Cantus alitis temporarii quem cuculum vocant.*' It is said that he never cries before the 3rd of April, and never after the festival of St. John. But he cannot cry before he has devoured a bird's egg. If you have money in your purse when he first cries, all will go well during the year; and if you were fasting, you will be hungry the whole year. The Slavonians do not attribute anything bad or devilish to this bird, which they always represent as a female. Zezhulice, sitting on an oak, bewails the transitoriness of spring. The Servian kukavitz was a maiden who long bewailed her brother's death, until she was changed into the bird, '*Sinja kukavitz*' (the gray): so also in Russian songs it is a bird of mourning and melancholy; and Russian traditions speak of her as a young maiden changed by an enchantress."—*Annals and Magazine of Natural History.*

The Gatherer.

Birth-place of Erasmus.—A house in Rotterdam claims to be that in which Erasmus was born, and exhibits the following inscription in Latin: "This is the small house in which the great Erasmus was born."

Railway Reform.—A reform in the railway system is loudly called for. It must, however, be admitted, that we hear of but few fatal accidents on them now, in comparison with the number forced on our attention two or three years ago. Mr. Galt read, on this subject, last week, at the Society of Arts, in which we find it estimated that the total value of all the railway property in the United Kingdom is £93,000,000; and the price at which it could be purchased would pay £4 7s. per cent. Government could borrow money at little more than £3 per cent., and it is, therefore, contended there would be a clear profit of £1,150,000, per annum, to meet the loss by the reduction of charges. The following are among the advantages to be derived from Mr. Galt's plan:—1. A reduction of charges on transit by railways of £80 per cent.; 2. A reduction in the prices of the necessities of life; 3. A saving to the public of £5,000,000 sterling in direct taxation; 4. That of enabling the government

to carry out Mr. Rowland Hill's plan of Post Office reform to its fullest extent; 5. The advantage to the poorest class of people of being enabled to travel by railway—owing to the reduced fares (as in Belgium).

Strange Opiates.—The power of habit has been seldom more strikingly illustrated than by Mr. Kendall, in the following sentences:—"From the 15th of September to the 21st of April," he says, "I had been a prisoner—I had performed a toilsome and painful march exceeding two thousand miles—I had seen my comrades inhumanly butchered around me, had seen them die from exposure, from hardship, and from sickness—I had passed through an endless variety of scenes the most exciting; yet, all this time I had slept well, except when illness or severe inclemency of weather prevented it. Now I had liberty and every comfort at my command, but sleep would not visit my eyelids. The very quiet around me, instead of being a provocative of slumber, seemed to keep me awake. I missed the hard stone or earthen floors, the knowledge that comrades were strewn close around me, the clanking of chains—the very groans of the unfortunate *lazarinos* were wanting. I missed, too, the eternal cries of our guard—the '*ventinela alerta!*' the '*quien vive?*' and '*que gente!*' which had rung in our ears until the grating sounds had fairly become so many lullabies."

Genuine Port Wine.—Port wine is adulterated at Oporto to an extent scarcely credible—that what is called "rich wine" receives from twenty to twenty-five gallons per pipe of brandy! and from six to eighteen gallons of Jernpiga, a compound of elderberry juice, brown sugar, and unfermented grape juice.—*A word or two on Port Wine.*

March of Language.—Villain meant, originally, a country fellow; and knave, harlot, and varlet, were simply designations of serving-men.

CORRESPONDENTS.

"B." Mr. Page's Embankment of the Thames will be without doubt a work of national importance. The article shall appear in our next, with an explanatory illustration and a sketch of the New Palace at Westminster.

"Y. Z.?" wish, we are sorry to say, cannot be complied with.

"Alpha's" communications never reached us. All communications should be sent to the Mirror Office, 2, Tavistock street, Covent-garden.

"D." It is our intention to give an account of the ancient buildings and public resorts in and near London. Information respecting them will be received with thanks.

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